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1. Betty ( )

Martin

N21



## GREEN LEAVES



# GREEN LEAVES

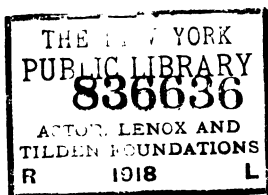
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**TO ERASMUS HALL,**  
**Beloved of many associations.**

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## INDOORS





### THE TEACHER

THEY have passed and gone up the windy hill,  
And the room is dim and still;  
And four o'clock this afternoon  
Drifts in the pale white moon.  
Over the floor of dust and stains  
It makes soft, pearly lanes;  
And I sit in my chair and think, and think,  
Watching the great room shrink.  
The ghostly desks are facing me—  
Each one is facing me,  
And I feel, in the winter dusk, the heart  
Of the old room touch my heart.  
Outside the pane, a tree sways black,  
Like a dwarf with a heavy pack—  
A pack of stars from the twilight hill,  
And the room is very still.  
The day has emptied my jeweled pack;  
It must brim ere they come back,  
Starry lads and girls who speak,  
Dreaming, so near my cheek.  
Ah! I must steal from the sky each gem,  
And fashion it bright for them,  
Else how shall I meet their morning eyes—  
Their eyes that are young and wise?

## INK POTS

**F**UZZY-HEADED youngsters  
Dipping into ink,  
On a shining April day  
Trying to think!

Wouldn't it be better  
To run them like the hounds  
Up across the crocus fields  
Till the heart bounds?

Ink pots are for old men  
Blinking in the sun;  
Boys and girls are slim and free  
To run, run, run!

## SCHOOLROOM SKETCHES

### I.

TO ANNE, SIXTEEN YEARS OLD

**T**HIN girl in the worn dress,  
I would bring pear buds,  
And plait them for you;  
I would plait you girdles  
Of sweet pear buds,  
Until your mouth smiled.

I would bring wind flowers  
For a silken petticoat,  
And blue-bells  
For your arms—  
Child, I cannot.

But here is a poet's book;  
He has written of flowers.

II.

AMERICUS

A LITTLE pulse throbbed in his throat  
When he recited. Homely things,  
Wee thoughts like grubs, had faerie wings  
For him. His dark eyes held the sun  
Mystical. In a room unlit,  
He was my taper; and the tune  
Of his voice was like the laugh in June  
Of a child surprised with loveliness!

### III.

#### ISIDOR

**T**HE corner where he sat  
Was gnomed with naughtiness;  
His nickname was "The Sprat,"  
His size was even less.

Poor, wide-eared little lad,  
So dirty and so bad;  
Just once I found your heart,  
And there were aches in there;  
Yet still you play your part,  
Elfish and debonair.

IV.

MARY

**M**ARY, my gray-eyed dreamer,  
What lies folded in your heart  
For the years to be?

One day I see a sheaf  
Of oriole song,  
And then — a nodding babe.

V.

HARRY

**H**ARRY, bless him, is an Irish boy,  
With starry Irish eyes and flecks of red  
In either cheek. He wears dark corduroy  
That's always dusty from his scrimmaging.

He is a rogue, and does not love his book—  
But, somehow, there is glamour in my thought  
Of him; he lights a dull day with his look,  
And brings me in the smell of leaves and turf.

## VI.

### PEARL

**S**LOW, black-skinned Pearl, with wide, dull eyes!  
At first your name,  
That made the thoughtless laugh,  
Seemed irony;  
Now that I know you—  
Know that misty mind,  
That spirit vague and blurred—  
You seem well named.



## VII.

### STEPHEN

**S**TEVE, the funny fat boy,  
Steve, the happy clown!  
Yes, also this—  
I see it in his brown,  
Strong, homespun mind—  
Tenacity.  
And this—  
I see it in his hand—  
Great force and wit.  
One day he will command;  
A builder he,  
An architect of men.

## VIII.

### JANET

**J**ANET has a perfect mind,  
Black-lettered, pigeon-holed—  
Ah, very neat indeed!

Some day, what proper pie,  
What flawless jelly she will make!

IX.

MARIE

HER smouldering eyes belie her name;  
She is a Russian Nihilist.  
I hear strange forests in her voice;  
Storm murmurs there and cries go up  
To an uncandled night.

Amid the young complacency  
Of all the rest, she is remote,  
And darkened as with suffering.

X.

PETER

**S**MALL Peter tightly cropped,  
And blinking pale round eyes,  
Like a puppy lately rolled in straw—  
Odysseus found you out!

You are a rover on the wine dark sea,  
A loiterer in Circe's house.  
When will Athene make your hair to curl,  
As the dusky hyacinth,  
And fashion your round form  
Slender and god-like?

## XI.

### DOROTHY

AH! The bright-eyed little wren,  
Fastidious, picking up seeds of wisdom!  
Only tender ones and sweet can tempt her;  
Bitter frost and storm she knows not.  
If they come, she will die;  
And yet I would not have her different;  
A glossy throat is precious;  
There are nests of down  
Enough to pleasure her till spring.

## XII

### BARBARA

**B**ENDING down apple-boughs,  
That always stain me with their dusky bark,  
I love to feel the breathing of pink buds;  
No other flower of spring  
Is quite like this, so rugged-sweet.

That's Barbara, sheathed with earth-strength;  
And yet intrigued into the quaintest blossoming.

### XIII.

#### DOMINIC

**T**O be sure, he wore a faded coat,  
But his eyes were very bright;  
And he touched his book so happily  
That my throat got tight.

Another boy with jaunty curls ,  
Came laughingly to me;  
"I've a beautiful book of pictures  
At home," said he.

Dominic listened, and then he said  
"How lucky," very low;  
All afternoon he seemed to dream,  
With eyes aglow.

Next day he made a picture,  
Delicate, vivid, fine;  
But my little boy with jaunty curls  
Drew not a line.

## XIV.

### CONSTANCE

**L**ITTLE poplar tree,  
Dancing in the moon;  
That is what you're going to be  
Some June.

Now you shake your curls;  
You will never go  
Frolicking like other girls,  
But, I know!



XV.

RODERICK

THE stripling Scot!  
His cold, proud face had troubled me;  
What had I known of him?

Then one day as he stood, grey-eyed, austere,  
I knew.

A shining ribbon from a girl's brown hair  
Had brushed his hand upon the desk;  
He drew back slightly.

Cromwell, Cromwell!

I wonder if in Scotland . . .

## XVI

### LUCRETIA

**Y**OUR beauty is as russet fruit,  
Sun-warmed, fragrant,  
In a northern room.

Down in your eyes I hear the young girls sing  
In Toledo's summer fields;  
Your step is firm as though it trod the grape,  
And your dark head is high as though you bore  
To me a brimming gourd.

XVII.

HYMAN

**H**E wrote to-day in little sprawling lines:  
"The Valley of the Many Colored Grass is beautiful,  
But it is what I call a dead place.  
I like the city, full of life."

O child, who never listened at a tulip bell!

## XVIII

### ALICE

**M**Y little one,  
So starched and prim,  
With many frills,  
You are as sweet as lettuce;

I dread to see your crisp bud  
Withering;

I dread still more  
To see your freshness  
Green the plate of life.

## XIX.

### ROBERT

**H**IS brown hair blurred with light;  
The sun made it a misty aureole.  
At the chapel organ  
With sensitive face uplifted,  
He played as though he answered  
High music far away.

XX.

DAVID

**D**AVID, you failed—  
Yet every face is dim but yours.

David, you failed —  
Yet still I see your hands.

You will always fail.  
You are too big to succeed  
In the swift years before death.

## COMMENCEMENT

THE violins are hushed, the organ mute.  
Beyond the chapel windows, through the trees,  
Pale lanterns dance like fireflies, and the flute  
Of a girl's voice comes flickering on the breeze —  
Soft music played in darkness. Quietly  
I linger in the shadowy aisles to see  
Again in dream those faces like a misty crowd  
Of stars uplifted — Youth's Solemnity  
And vivid Rapture listening. A cloud  
Is on my eyes; I cannot see them more —  
My boys and girls are gone from me; the door  
Has closed; a night moth flutters dusty wings  
Against my face, and on the moonlit floor  
A small black cricket sings and sings.

And yet, they have not wholly left me here;  
To-morrow I shall travel everywhere,  
Upon the land, the sea, in the perilous air,  
With those who hold me dear.

This is my pride, my precious, secret boast,  
That every boy has some time felt my hand  
Upon him. So one day his clear command,  
Before an august host,

Will hear my voice. And one who goes in ships  
Will carry me upon the tropic night,  
And we shall steer beneath the blossom-white  
Big stars with laughing lips.

I shall labor with a gallant girl in pain,  
Turning to me as in the years ago  
Over her task; upon her heart's fierce glow  
I would be soft as rain.

I shall walk gently by the side of her  
Who goes alone, fighting for bitter bread;  
She will remember what it was I said;  
Perhaps her heart will stir.

This is my compensation:—I am borne  
Forever on their bosoms;  
I cannot stay behind the opening gate.  
God of my children, for them, make me great!



## **OUTDOORS**

## THE LULL

**L**ULLING across a night,  
Lulling across the hill

The ghostly whisper:

And the battlements, with twisted branches in the moon

Have remembered in the wind no more than I

In the sweet calling.

Past the orchard,

Past the hillside,

And beyond—

The ghostly whisper.

## A MANHATTAN YARD

**M**Y small room opens on a city yard,  
Where never a space for Spring's dance can  
there be,

For the cold, huddled stones with faces hard  
Heed not at all the gray wind's minstrelsy;

And yet, when darkness falls, I feel out there  
Most certainly an orchard's murmuring,  
As though small buds, in rain-washed April air,  
Were lifting up their heads to smell of Spring.

Perchance long years ago in this bare place  
An old Dutch garden grew in grave delight.  
And now pale buds and flowers with phantom face  
Slip back to dream away the wistful night.

## THE REPORTER

**I**N the March stillness,  
I heard a woodpecker  
Up the hill,  
Near the blue painted sky.

He had captured all my news;  
"Tap, tap," went his typewriter.

## I WALKED AMONG GRAY TREES

**I** WALKED among gray trees with Grief.  
My soul was stark as the shattered leaf;

Yea, all things but the cold lipped Frost  
And Grief that walked with me, seemed lost

Then from a black tree swaying near  
A robin whistled sweet and clear;

Lo! as I turned to look at Grief,  
A shining crown of April leaf

Upon her brow — a magic thing  
She, smiling, said, "My heart is Spring."

## WERE ONE WISH MINE

**W**ERE one wish mine, on April night  
Of lilac moon and little buds tight  
In the lane, this would I choose to be,  
Stripped and free of cloak and shirt—  
A smooth, green blade in ecstasy,  
Pushing up through the rough, black dirt!

## MOTH MOON

**M**OTH MOON, a-flutter in the lilac tree,  
With pollen of the white stars on thy wings,  
Oh! would I shared thy flight, thy fantasy,  
The aimless beauty of thy brightenings!  
A worker, wed to Purposes and Things,  
Earth-worn I turn from Day's sufficiency.  
One lethéd hour that duty never brings,  
Oh! one dim hour to drift, Moth moon, with thee!

## THE MAGIC BOWL

**A**N old brown earthen bowl,  
Crowded with dead flowers,  
And cracked with cold,  
Lies forgotten in the garden.  
There is no heart tender enough  
To remember the beauty that it sphered;  
There is no hand soft enough  
To break the frost upon its rim,  
And tip it to the sun.

And yet, to-day  
Up through its cracks  
Came spirits of green and golden flames.  
Now all the house will find it,  
And delight in it.



## MY PATCH OF GREEN

**O**NE narrow little fenced-in plot  
Below dark roofs is all I've got  
In way of May;  
But here warm buds and little things,  
That push above the ground bright wings,  
Make holiday.

I, in their midst, am happy quite  
To see my cherry's misty white  
Above me lean;  
To mark the rain upon the twigs,  
And touch round heads in tiny wigs  
Of fuzzy green.

Because the city roars so near,  
I hold my patch of green more dear.

TO ONE LOVED

**N**OW you have grown so very dear to me,  
Your touch is precious as new leaves;  
And your long look takes my thought wavering  
Off to the green hills . . .  
Oh! on this day of spring's return,  
Let us break our way into the budded places!

## DISCOVERY

**T**HE gray path glided before me  
Through cool, green shadows;  
Little leaves hung in the soft air  
Like drowsy moths;  
A group of dark trees, gravely conferring,  
Made me conscious of the gaucherie of sound;  
Farther on, a slim lilac  
Drew me down to her on the warm grass.  
"How sweet is peace!"  
My serene heart said.

Then, suddenly, in a curve of the road,  
Red tulips!  
A bright battalion, swaying,  
They marched with fluttering flags,  
And gay fifes playing!

A swift flame leapt in my heart;  
I burned with passion;  
I was tainted with cruelty;  
I wanted to march in the wind,  
To tear the silence with gay music,  
And to slash the sober green  
Until it sobbed and bled.

The tulips have found me out.

## THE OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

**Y**OU round a long green curve of trees,  
And there it is. A Paisley shawl  
Has not the pattern or the grace  
Of this old fashioned place;  
Bright groups of budded peonies  
Exchange fine secrets; silken gowned  
Poppies idly sip the sun,  
And pansies, prim in little mitts  
And bonnets, whisper bits  
Of gossip; through the leafy ground  
A blackbird walks, and cocks his head,  
As though he said, "I'm favorite here,  
And motorists may not come near."

## TWILIGHT WIND

**T**HE Wind is walking in the garden.

He is a pale Mandarin  
With silken shoes,  
And a soft coat blowing against the leaves.

I wish he would open his basket;  
He has visited many trees to-day,  
And there is fruit that I would taste.

## SUMMER NIGHT

**B**UBBLES of dew are on the grass,  
The park is a basket of dew;  
Put on your soft and hairy shoes,  
And your coat of berry-blue.

I am worn with sun—the silken sun  
That binds my throat. O free,  
Pale lover, tear the hidden leaves,  
And pluck the dark for me!

## RAIN AT NIGHT

**R**AIN, rain on the leaves . . .

As a grinning negro catches crabs  
By lantern-light,  
And, having drawn them from the dark water,  
Places them in a sack,  
Where they gurgle and bubble,

So Night, squatting over the black bag of earth,  
Has caught the scuttling raindrops.

Their low hissing makes me drowsy . . .

## THE OLD SHEEP

THE old sheep came with solemn eyes  
And dusty, gentle feet;  
"What have you in your pack, old sheep,  
That is delicate and sweet?"

"I have a beautiful dream," she said.  
So she poured it out for me—  
A beautiful dream like a crystal light,  
That flows in a cave of the sea.

There were stars in it, and a dear voice,  
And a green path up a hill;  
And the trembling of waters  
Where the dusk is cool and still;

And there was a hand I love,  
Gentle upon my face,  
And whippoorwills were crying  
In a little dim place.

The old sheep came with solemn eyes  
And dusty, gentle feet . . .

The old sheep came . . the old sheep came . . .  
And what . . and what . . was the old sheep's name?  
Her name . . her name . . . was . . . sleep.



## DREAM FREE

**T**HE white stars opened to the night like flowers;  
June shadowed through the hills the road ran free.  
Light-footed, stripped, wind-mad, with ecstasy  
We raced the riding moon—you raced with me.  
Along the dipping path, dim pearléd showers  
Of roving starlight pattered at our feet.  
Night long, exultant, did our full hearts beat;  
And yet to-day quite calmly must we meet!

## ETCHING

... **A**ND I shall ever see you standing thus,  
Beneath the dark oak on the rounded dune.  
The western sun is bright upon your hair,  
The sun-burned marsh behind you flames and sways;  
And so it seems that you will flame and sway  
From out the sunset to the misty sea,  
And the green dusk will carry you away  
From me . . .

## DRYAD

**T**HE brown sand path is cool;  
It flutters across the pale feet of the trees  
Between ocean and bay;  
It winds among the little green leaves  
Into the sunset.  
Your feet flash down the cool, brown path;  
You are running from the cold sea  
Into the warm sunset where the bay glistens.  
Hist! The oak tree—  
It is poised in your path with wide arms  
Against the sunset.  
You cannot pass it,  
Green eyes,  
Green coat,  
You belong in these tree depths;  
Melt into the warm trunk, Dryad!  
When the white moon burns the dark leaves,  
And spatters fire on the ground,  
I shall come back to caress your breast,  
And kiss your pale hands . . .

## THE DEAF MUTE

**H**E walks within the dim, blue dusk  
When shadows flood the beach;  
His form is like a withered husk;  
He's deaf and strange of speech.

The sea is in his gazing eyes,  
Dark shadowed, grey and sweet;  
He walks alone beneath wide skies  
With silent feet.

Against the sunset cloud he stands  
Upon the lonely dunes;  
His caged soul flutters down the sands  
Where the grey sea croons.

In some blue dusk for him will fall  
An hour; unknown to men,  
His ear will catch the sea's deep call.  
How sweet his singing then!

## THE VACATION

**T**HE minister has brought them down  
To the high peaked little house—  
Hard-eyed Peter, pale Marie,  
And the boy in a new blouse.

They rocked all day on the back porch;  
The sea leapt up the dune;  
The sand was painted magical  
By the gold-tipped moon;

And they were dozing in their chairs  
As dark came beautifully  
With mist of stars and buoy bells  
To the porchless sea.

## THE CHILD

**T**HE twilight of the sea  
Is austere.

There is no laughter there  
Nor any light;  
There are but shadows  
And a solemn breathing.

Yet, upon a grey peaked dune  
I saw a child  
In a pinafore,  
The color of the sun.  
She gazed into the dusk  
And then she clapped her hands.  
I heard her sing.

## MOODS

**T**HE cricket watches from his house of grass  
As I come in to lie with him and drink  
The moonlight. There is solemn space to think  
Upon the shadow where the black pines pass  
Their fingers in the sea. I do not know  
If it were sweeter thus in dream to lie,  
Or, stripped to the taut skin, to lightly run  
Forgetful, in a russet autumn sun,  
And laugh as the blue tide climbs up the sky.

## SHADOWS ON BEDFORD HILL

**A** LITTLE old man passed up with a basket of  
leeks.

Among a hundred he passed,  
Among a hundred I saw him sharply etched.

And I climbed past the limousines and the lamps,  
The ringing heels on cobbles,  
The stone facades of many buildings  
Against the smoky sunset;  
I climbed with him past these shadowy things.

Our way was through clear light  
Upon a country hill;  
The branches stirred above our heads;  
All the bright sky was pricked with treetops,  
And up the road, a cottage like a star.



## OCTOBER

**T**HE sunlight falls upon me in red leaves;  
They cover my bare throat.  
Oh! to run with the west wind—  
To run free into the dusk,  
To run burning and free  
Into the autumn silence!

## DUST

**M**Y words are dust.  
I who would build a star,  
I who would touch the heel of the white sun;  
Staggering up the inaccessible sky,  
I look upon the dust.

The stainless clouds go mounting  
In shining spires;  
And a little heap of dust  
Are my desires.

Yet, dwelling long upon these peaks  
Unchained upon the flickering western sky,  
I have beheld them at the breath of darkness  
Fade slowly out and die.

What of my lineage?  
Arrogant and swift,  
I bend above the dust,  
Untouched of all my grief,  
Untarnished of the hour,  
And lo! the leaf—  
The passionate climbing flower!

## NOW I HAVE LIVED WITH BEAUTY

NOW I have lived with Beauty, touched her face,  
And walked beside her in the swaying wood  
Above the sea, I know there is no good  
So precious as her perilous bright grace.  
Apart from her, within a sombre place,  
Watching the moon unslip her silver hood,  
I have discovered currents in my blood  
That burn and leap like runners in a race;  
Yet, for I know that she is calm and wise,  
I may not see her face again until  
She shall appoint. And so in the hot light  
I lie dark-eyed, and watch the butterflies,  
Like pale winged thoughts of her. I pray she will  
Remember, and return to me to-night.



## REMEMBRANCE



## THE SCHOOLMASTER OF ERASMUS HALL

(Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, died Dec. 19, 1916.)

**T**HE Tower knows stars and thunder; all the winds  
Are cradled in its turrets, and the storms.  
In its crevices the little birds of spring  
Have builded nests, and through the ivy come  
Sweet twitterings. Below the lofty Hall  
Are stately trees that murmur ancient tales  
To the peaked roofs of the old Academy.  
It is a much-loved spot, where memory,  
Crowned with green leaves, looks eastward to the dawn.

On a starlit night of June, it has been said  
That in the old Dutch buildings lights are seen,  
And wooden shoes click softly to and fro;  
But with the day, the modern city wakes  
And like a great sea beats upon the doors.

Men have builded ships that ride the cloud  
And brave the lightning; there are those like gods  
Who have sown the darkened earth with starry light,  
And curbed the invading waters of the sea;  
But greater than these great, a man of men,  
The Schoolmaster! For he has builded Youth.  
Oh! never can the tempest rend the dreams  
That he has launched across the mists of space,

Nor the black night engulf the hills of green  
Whereon his flocks are pastured; all that time  
Has given men will die, but only his,  
The gift of Youth in long procession,  
Can never pass—Youth with its eternal dream!

Our Master of Erasmus Hall—so long  
Our Master—what have we to render thee  
So precious as the life that thou hast wrought  
For us? Thy daily bread of gentleness  
Has fed our spirits, and the mellow wine  
Of thy long, sweet experience we have drunk.

All the little leaves along the Quad,  
A-twinkle in the sun, seem but thy eyes,  
So grave and yet so droll and full of light!  
And thy great strength, as quiet as the Tower  
And like it, near the thunder and the stars,  
Is ever shielding us—a watchful mind  
That pierces the dark night, and hails the dawn.

Thy heart is beating in the time-stained walls  
Of the old Academy we love; and there  
Thy presence will remain, as roses cling  
To an old jar, in a faded, western room  
Where the light is dim. And though the night descend  
Upon the house, the fragrance lingers there.



## THE JOURNEYMAN

To Kate E. Turner, Educator.\*

**D**WELLERS of the house, behold it fair!  
The craftsman's mark is on the shining stone;

Within the porches lies a golden air  
Where the sweet sky is blown.

A cloth of light is honor in the hall,  
And lustrous truth and loyalty are made  
As chrysoprase upon the dusky wall,  
With patient craft inlaid.

Serenity is on the foreheads here,  
Set like a star; and faith and gentleness.  
The virtue of a gallant heart is near,  
That shall forever bless.

A Journeyman, with cunning craft to do,  
We speed her, building in another place  
With art as fine as this—as proud and true,  
And touched with a quaint grace.

The loftiest house is building ever. See!  
Upon the sun the misty turrets climb,  
Beautiful and strong—immortally  
Above the dark of time.

\* Written when Miss Turner left the Vice Principalship  
of Erasmus Hall to become Principal of Bay Ridge High  
School, November, 1917.

## THE OLD RED SCHOOL

I CAME upon it yesterday at noon,  
The old red school, how very small it seemed!  
A score of years ago, I had not dreamed  
I'd ever want to go to school in June.

Slow wading the green tangle of the yard—  
That yard that used to show no blade of grass—  
I saw a shadowy crowd before me pass,  
A merry lot with bare legs brown and hard.

They pushed and jostled through the black, old door—  
The rusty hinges creaked; I heard the bell,  
And then the master's voice I knew so well—  
How loud my steps across the dusty floor!

"Dreaming again!" The master's hand came down  
Upon my collar. What a hand he had!  
I never thought that clutch could make me glad,  
I who had scowled beneath his kindly frown!

And there was Joe, a-carving out his name  
Upon his desk behind his spelling book!  
Joe who is dead, yet here I saw him crook  
His arm, and cut his boyish way to fame!

Outside the broken panes the bees hummed low.  
A long recess—how swift its passage then!  
I brushed the cobwebs from a shrunken pen,  
And crossed the clover fields, alone and slow.

## AN OLD FRIEND

**Y**OU know how April throws her shawl of green  
Upon a withered hedge; and as you look,  
She shakes the sky into the ancient brook,  
And pours the sunlight where the frost has been?  
So does your spirit, though your shoulders lean  
Beneath the winter years. The greyest nook  
Of heart you find, and warm it, and the stook  
Of faded days you gild with tender sheen.

And yet, to see you sitting in your chair,  
One would not think of you as the young spring,  
So very small and still you are, and white;  
But suddenly you smile at me, and there  
Is April! In your eyes the wistful light  
Of beauty; on your lips a blossoming.

## MY GRAND AUNT'S PATCHWORK QUILT

**S**EDATE and silent little quilt of mine,  
What wonder that I dream at thy caress?  
Soft forms sway phantom-like in curve and line;  
Thy flower bright patches shimmer into dress.

Within this bit of silk as blue as May,  
A little girl in hoops is curtsying low;  
Her lover dons that velvet on the day  
When all the blossoms of the Springtide blow.

Such snowy satin sheathes a lily maid  
As fair as one in Astolat who died;  
And, mischief in jade green, some lad is paid  
Who steals a kiss while sitting by thy side!

O stern old maid, in sober, Sabbath brown  
Of silk magnificent that stands alone!  
I see thee look askance upon the gown,  
Peach colored, in the pew beside thine own!

And now, behold! within that sapphire square,  
As dusky as the blue of summer night,  
Beribboned masters pledging to their fair,  
In foaming tankards till the dawn is white!

Hark how the music of the minuet

    Calls from the dim brocade each shadowy face!

It seems as though they all were living yet,

    Pale lovers swaying slow with stately grace.

Dear little grand aunt in the silver grey,

    Unconscious of thy patchwork wizardry!

Thy placid hands have summoned Yesterday,

    Down pansy 'broidered paths of dreams to me.

## GLAMOUR

AND I will take monotony,  
The chinking given by the wise—  
Even the look of ugliness,  
For the rare hour;  
Your insistent grace,  
The glow of candles,  
In a high hint room;  
Your laughter,  
The low wind,  
With scent of painted bed . . .

And the arrows of the mind shakes  
And the breath comes sharp.

TO C. H. L. F.

THE candle flutters on the wall,  
And all the shadows leap at me;  
Strange, surging voices fall and fall—  
Then mist, and coldness like the sea.

O mist, so grey! Not yet; for lo!  
Her eyes upon me hold the light.  
Cold sea! not yet; for suddenly  
Her hand upon my heart is warm!

## TO V

AND once you were as twilight.  
I gathered your shadows as a wreath,  
And found the moonlight in them;

And running by the sea,  
I glimpsed you with dark holly in your hair,  
The color of the autumn tide,  
Bitter and restless.

There was always dusk upon you—  
Dusk with the light of the wild plum,  
Or the sunset light.

Now the shadows are gone.  
Ah! the voluptuous,  
The brazen day!



## POSSESSION

**G**REAT heart, you dwell forevermore so close to me,  
That I but raise my eyes to see you stand  
Here in the room when dusk is near.  
I need but stretch my hand  
To hold you, dear.

It does not matter, now, if you must go from me  
Along the sunset road's unending space.  
Although I, too, must travel far  
Upon the night, your face  
Will be my star.

## MY OLD NURSE

**W**ITHIN my dream last night I saw her stand  
Trimming the lamp for evening use. I knew  
In the pale light that dear, familiar hand  
So well—a knotted hand, yet soft as dew.  
And then she turned and gently looked at me.  
Her broad white apron spread like a calm wing  
Across my dream. I heard the chestnut tree  
Outside the window, murmuring of spring.  
“Come, dear, it’s time to go to bed,” she smiled.  
The moonlight strayed to her along the floor,  
And crowned her hair; then I, a little child,  
Went softly out with her, and closed the door.  
Sobbing I woke. Within the winter night  
I lay and watched the lonely room grow light.

## LAUGHING JOHN

THE sight of buttercups will bring him back;  
For often on a day of windy gold,  
Deep in the lush grass, I had heard him call—  
A slinking man of laughter, with a step  
That grinded violets, and hands that made  
Strange pictures on the sky.

Upon that call  
I snapped the heads of buttercups, running  
Until I slammed the kitchen door, and heard  
His laughter fade as smoke across the hill.

## CALIBAN AT THE STADIUM

THE audience itself is Caliban.

Monstrous and murmuring beneath the stars,  
It sees slim Beauty pass, and Poetry,  
And hears the thrilling voice of Song. So crouched,  
Profoundly moved yet inarticulate,  
Earth-bred, yet troubled with the sense of God,  
In the starlit dusk, it roars and crawls away.

O Prospero, magician of the Light,  
Hold with thy subtle spell this man of sense!  
Keep him from the dark cave of Setebos,  
And mould his mighty spirit to thy will!

## THE TORCHES

**W**HERE was Shakespeare when the dream came  
First upon him?

Was it in a Stratford alley  
Patched with moonlight,  
That the tousled lad went reeling  
Through the shadows,  
Staring at the brown earth's pallor,  
Hearing laughter from the doorways  
Faint and die?

Was it in an April meadow  
Stained with beauty  
When he lay upon the blossoms,  
Graceless, truant,  
That the pushing life possessed him  
And he rose with face uplifted  
Strangely smiling?

Was it in a street in London,  
Grey with winter,  
When he saw a mist of faces  
Pass before him,  
That he felt with sudden burning  
Torches of their coming flicker  
In his brain?

## THE POET

**T**HOUGHT broods as a dove  
In the secret brain. But one  
With a gesture that men love,  
Uplifts it to the sun.  
He breathes upon the folded wings,  
And lo! it stirs—it sings!

## POETRY

**R**HYTHM of the blood,  
And its secret pain,  
The tumult of dim tides  
Behind the brain;

Passion that lifts to peace  
As the voice of birds  
In rainy April sky;  
Oh this—in words!

## IN THE SUBWAY

THE pale-lipped workers do not move me so,  
As these complacent seekers after joy.  
They never come to grips with anything;  
Their soft hands have not touched the rough of life  
That brings raw blood to the surface; they have felt  
No stabbing lust for beauty or bold sin.  
Warm furred and decent, smiling so dreamlessly,  
They hurt my heart; their eyes, so unafraid,  
Fill me with terror. God! they know it not,  
But they are wistful—earth's most wistful ones!  
The thin, dark workers, burned as though with fire,  
Swaying in pallid sleep, and pinched with want,  
Are not so pitiful, so stark as these.



## THE DREAM

IS it not strange that in this costly silk,  
As exquisite as a flower, I should be sad?  
Upon my breast is lace like moonlit haze  
Of blossoms. See! the folds as white as milk  
Across my shoulders, and my gems ablaze.

. . . . .  
Last night I dreamed . . . And now I know . . .

They came—

A ghostly crowd of girls with eyes too bright  
And wistful. Ah! I could not hide my tears!  
One child, as vivid as a slender flame,  
Was fashioning June roses with her shears;  
Their crimson petals left her young lips white.

Another little one with hands as pale,  
As the soft, misty lace her touch caressed,  
Wove all her star-like loves and fantasies  
Into its web until its beauty frail  
Was part of her; but yet, with aged knees  
This little one crept homeward dimly drest.

Ah, God! A third with hair as bright as corn,  
Who flashed her slender needle in a dream,  
Looked up at me. Her eyes were dark with pain.  
Then I awoke, and it was sunny morn;  
But in the dawn there was for me no gleam—  
And I can never wear the dress again.

TO INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN

**H**ERE, here, are autumn flowers, and these were  
sweet

To you—the colors of the happy earth.

And here are songs and loves woven of mirth  
You wore as a bright robe; and yet your feet  
Were used to linger on a darkened street.  
You bent your radiant head before the birth  
Of woe; and souls, counted of little worth,  
You championed where Want and Sorrow meet.

Yet, from your sweet and valiant summoning  
To joy and service, one clear bugle call  
Will echo—leap from peak to shining peak  
Of the years to be, and on dull ears shall fall  
With sudden glamour. Womanhood shall seek  
And find. Justice shall be a mighty thing!

## AN OLDER WOMAN TO A YOUNGER

To Dr. Anna Howard Shaw

GIVE pause ere we begin the fight again.  
My child, my child, you take it so to heart!  
Look in my eyes. I am not daunted, I  
Who have seen darkness climb the golden peaks  
Of precious dreams, and felt the creeping frost  
Among the blossoms of my heart. I know  
That morning always breaks; that April, too,  
Has never failed, and so I smile and wait.  
Meanwhile, you child, with bitter, stormy eyes,  
Remember that the fight is best of all!  
As in the spring, when nature's fettered hosts,  
The upward reaching ones, conspire to rend  
The iron bands of winter on the earth,  
And in a blessed union drink of life  
Within each other till they throb as one,  
And break from gloom, bright, wingéd victories,  
So for us, fighting, is the battle sweet;  
And wholesome are its bitter, black defeats.  
Our groping hands are touching other hands  
That hold us in the darkness, and our hearts  
Are quickened by the pulsing of the hearts,  
That we have grown to love so near to us.  
My darling, if you could but hear with me  
Our silent legions marching up the dawn!

Unfurl your yellow banner, child, and go!  
Ah! yes, it's sunset now and autumn, too;  
But what a stirring march we have toward spring!

November, 1915

## A YOUNGER WOMAN TO AN OLDER

To Dr. Anna Howard Shaw

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**S**O—Victory at last!  
Over the top our yellow banners go;  
Glamour is in the golden air;  
A great joy shakes our pulses.  
Yet, the sunset holds the richness.  
We, the young, may never know  
The dauntless will that held the falling sky,  
The faith that marked the invisible climbing stars,  
The love that never broke the handclasp.  
Ah! The bitter glory—  
We, the young, may never know;  
We of the joyful heart may never know.

November, 1917.

## TO A TRAINED NURSE

I SAW a dogwood tree, last Spring,  
In a dark valley.  
It was an austere day of mist,  
And the gray hedges were sobbing.  
But, bending down in the twilight,  
The dogwood showed a coif of white;  
Gleaming and tender,  
It touched with compassionate sweet hands  
The wan, sleeping wood.

So, in this dim room,  
You bend down to my youth,  
Lying with shadowed eyes,  
Fettered in the frost of pain.

Like a proud tree  
That wrings the sap of strength  
From black days,  
You stand in the twilight  
And bend down to me.  
Your coif is a white blossom,  
Your hand is a blossom,  
And your breast . . .

## ON REVISITING BARNARD COLLEGE

SUNSET is in the porch,  
And through the hall  
The dusk is blown  
Like a faint breath.

I see my hands  
Remote, in shadow;  
I feel my heart  
As a remembered pain.

Up the grey stairs  
The twilight climbs.

In a dream.  
The twilight climbs  
To the classrooms  
Of forgotten faces,  
To the studies  
Where the books are folded,  
To the chapel  
Of the silent voices.

In a dream  
The twilight climbs.

## TO THE HUDSON RIVER

**R**IVER of dawn that saw the sun go down,  
The gulls drift,  
And the hills are russet-gray!  
No more the gray sail that I loved to shift  
Upon the wind;  
A bitter wind has carried it away.



\*

## HICKORY FIRE

**D**O you know a fire of hickory?  
Do you love its whispering?

As I sit and watch it, face between my hands,  
The city room has slipped away—and I'm at home.  
The shadowy chairs are drawn within a circle . . .  
Yes, they all are here;  
Even the old dog nods in his warm place.  
Hark! The ancient tree  
That leans against the roof, is muttering.  
I think it knew the hickory we're burning now.  
Now? Ah! What fires like this will do!

**SAFE.**

**To R. R. M.**

**T**HERE is a chamber in my heart  
Close curtained from the years,  
Where the lonely days go crying  
To blind me with their tears.

You are always waiting, darling,  
Within that secret place,  
And the mist of the world's crying  
Passes by your face;

And the dreams of the world, dying,  
Can never hurt you now,  
Beautiful forever,  
With a dream on your brow.

## **BARE BRANCHES**



## NIGHT FELL

NIGHT fell one year ago, like this.  
He had been writing steadily.  
Among these dusky walls of books,  
How bright he looked, intense as flame!  
Suddenly he paused,  
The firelight in his hair,  
And said, "The time has come to go."  
I took his hand;  
We watched the logs burn out;  
The apple boughs fingered the window;  
Down the cool, spring night  
A slim, white moon leaned to the hill.  
To-night the trees are budded white,  
And the same pale moon slips through the dusk.  
O little buds, tap-tapping on the pane,  
O white moon,  
I wonder if he sleeps in woods  
Where there are leaves?  
Or if he lies in some black trench,  
His hands, his kind hands, kindling flame that kills?  
Or if, or if . . .  
He is here now, to bid me last good-night?

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## THERE'S A LILY FIELD

**T**HERE'S a lily field in France to-night.  
In the icy rain,  
At its frozen heart, they buried a lad  
With a crimson stain  
On his lips. He gave France all he had;  
He was brave and gay.  
Dear lilies of France, how bright, how bright,  
Will you bud this May!

*Translated into French by Nathan Haskell Dole and  
set to music by Louise Souther.*

## THE DOCTOR

THE boy lay stripped of beauty,  
Gathering shadows with his hands.  
He did not see the candles blazing;  
He was not held by their golden bands.

Love had lain upon his breast,  
Imperious; he had not stirred.  
Poetry had whispered him;  
But his dim temples had not heard.

Shadows were drifting down as leaves,  
As clouds of leaves . . . for him . . .  
A bell . . . rang . . . like a faint star  
In . . . the sky . . . broken . . . and dim . . .

. . . . .  
Beating against his throat, the sweet  
Breath came. The cold and falling sky  
Climbed slowly, arching into sleep;  
The starry candles clustered high.

The Doctor paused upon the blood  
Flowing in the delicate veins,  
And slowly smiled as one who hears  
Spring tremble in the dark lanes.

The Doctor's hands were strange hands,  
Chiselled coldly out of pain;  
And yet, they bore the bright torch  
Of beauty to the clouded brain.

## AT THE MOVIES

**T**HEY swing across the screen in brave array,  
Long British columns grinding the dark grass.  
Twelve months ago they marched into the gray  
Of battle; yet again behold them pass!

One lifts his dusty cap; his hair is bright;  
I meet his eyes, eager and young and bold.  
The picture quivers into ghostly white;  
Then I remember, and my heart grows cold!



## THE FOUR

**F**OUR went with singing, and the drouth  
Of war is bitter to the mouth.  
But even so, they sang—the one  
With blown hair like the copper sun,  
The one who had the downy lip,  
One with the jaunty belted hip,  
And one who whistled like a bird,  
Too light for the slow spoken word.

Night fell upon the Yankee camp,  
And suddenly the surgeon's lamp  
Flashed on the thickly shadowed place  
Where four men lay with upturned face.

"Lone star, burning in the sedge  
Of the southern river's edge . . ."

"And the pines the moonlight shake  
On the darkened northern lake . . ."

"Where the sunset mountains stand  
High above the purple land . . ."

"City of spires upon the sea  
Fronting the dawn . . ."

The voices faded . . . and were gone.

## THE NURSE SPEAKS

I'VE seen some brave men die, but none like him.  
I don't know why I went to him so much;  
He didn't call or groan.  
Perhaps it was his youth. His hands were young,  
And fluttered all night long like pale, white moths,  
Like pale, white moths that have been burned in flame.  
Poor lad! his head was torn.  
I bathed his hair and even in the night I saw its gold.  
Never a letter did he have on him;  
He never spoke a name that I could hear;  
But just those hands would flutter all night long.  
    "Oh! I'm dog tired to-night.  
    Jess, pour some tea,  
    And then, a nap  
    Before my Turco wakes . . ."  
Then last night when I went, his hands were still.  
He raised his eyes, and said right clear to me:  
"I hear the sea!"  
Imagine hearing that in this red place!  
And then he stared.  
He stared at my white cap. His eyes were bright.  
"Dear love," he said, "the hawthorn's budded white!"  
Yes, Jess, that was the end of him, poor lad,  
And never a name or letter to be had.

## THE BRETON

**T**O-NIGHT I hear the drowsy call of frogs  
And the lip-lipping of the tide  
Up the salt creek;  
And I can hear the distant, barking dogs  
Across the starlit countryside . . .  
I died last week,  
Or so they tell me now,  
Fighting for France inland.  
I can't remember how.  
I've forgotten the whole story.  
All I want's my little dory  
Hauled up on the sand.

## OUR MOTHER OF THE TRENCHES

A LITTLE mouse stole out in the dark,  
And peering amid the straw,  
Quoth he, "Was never so dim a church,"  
And this he saw:

In a tunnel of dirt where the rain dripped through,  
The Virgin carved of pine,  
Smiled in a candle's shriveled flame—  
A smile divine.

A grey bat fluttered down from his perch  
Of crumbling leaves. "No word  
Of priest is here, nor bell," quoth he.  
But this he heard:

He heard the Beast that roared above  
In the pitiful barren wood;  
And then a stumbling fall, a cry,  
And the drip of blood.

A worshipper crouched by the darkening shrine  
Of the Virgin smiling there.  
The mouse looked up and the bat looked down  
To hear his prayer.

The Beast roared on in the wood above,  
The candle light was gone;  
And still before Our Mother knelt  
The worshipper wan.

## THE SHARPSHOOTER

IT'S not so bad to kill in the dusk  
Of a growling winter day.  
When a man is tired, and stiff as a husk,  
It seems a merciful way  
To end it all, perhaps. From my tree  
Where I watch the road below,  
I send pale peace—an eternity  
Of peace in the pitiless snow.

“But spring! Ah! what about spring?” I think,  
When the little leaves are green,  
And buds hold dew for the birds to drink,  
Then, when I have to lean  
Against white blossoms, and blaze away  
At a lad with the sun on his hair,  
And red in his cheek from the kiss of May,  
God! but it won't seem fair!

## EUGENE SUREAU, 79th TERRITORIALS

(After reading "THE NAME" in the *Atlantic*)

YOU write that he is dead, Eugene Sureau . . .

From the time they brought him in,  
His straight young body shrapnel-torn,  
Until he died smiling at your white tenderness,  
You wondered what he was.  
Still warm within his shroud,  
The purple cross upon his breast,  
He wrung your heart.  
There, in the darkened ward, you cried,  
"Who was Eugene Sureau?"

Do you remember the laughing boy  
Who used to cut you hazel wands?  
He wore round caps and corduroy,  
And his hair was rumpled and curly brown.

Have you forgotten the lad who dreamed  
All day with grave blue eyes, apart  
From the rest of you? So strong he seemed,  
So sure to do fine things some day.

And there was one who loved to ride,  
And challenged you under the open sky,  
As you laughed, free galloping side by side,  
To race him over the bright world's rim.

There were others—you can't forget them—  
Young, with a dream. And lo!  
These were all Eugene Sureau.

BY THE LANES OF AIR

**M**Y lover to battle is gone to-day  
By the misty lanes of air.  
I smiled as my lover flashed away,  
Climbing the cloudy stair.

But now I weep for I cannot know  
The land where he lightly runs.  
The clouds are his forests peaked with snow,  
His leaves are the whirling suns.

. . . . .  
If only a little frog could sing  
In his ear from a meadow pool;  
If only a swallow on the wing  
Could pass in the evening cool!

I cannot come to him riding far,  
Like an eagle against the blue;  
And yet, when rises the sunset star  
And the day of war is through,

In the west where the sky is barred with red,  
And the blue with stars is strown,  
That banner of light shall be the bed  
Forever beside my own!

## "THERE IS NOTHING TO REPORT"

*News Item: "An Austro-Hungarian patrol attacked by surprise a Russian advance post south of Karpilovka and annihilated its occupants.*

*"The official statement said: 'The night was calm. There is nothing to report.'"*

"THE night was calm. There is nothing to report."

Nothing for Vienna's haughty court;  
But the pastures where the pale stars go,  
Like little, straying sheep, they know, they know.  
All the budded lanes of heaven break  
Into a gentle singing for their sake,  
For those who swiftly in the bitter night  
Took the dark leap from all of earth's delight.

Crumpled like grey leaves the outpost lie  
Forever where they fell beneath that sky  
Of calm. One face is young, a poet's face,  
Serenely lifted to the hush of space.  
With bright head pillowed on his listless arm,  
He dreamed like this when came the night alarm.  
Somewhere in a frost stained cottage now  
A woman's hands will grope for that white brow;  
And God, who lights the candles of the earth,  
Alone will know one darkened taper's worth.



## PATROL

**I**N the pale moonlight the road is white  
As my cheek, the open road that he took.  
God! If it were May with a dusky nook  
Of leaves for him, and his horse to hide!  
But all night long he must ride and ride,  
With his breast agleam and his helmet bright  
In the white moonlight, the white moonlight!

## THE FUGITIVE

THE crab tree like an ugly dwarf  
Was sprawling in the moon,  
But Oh! its knotted arms were full  
With the sweet leaves of June!

Beside the moonlit lane there lay  
A little house of stone;  
Close to the sprawling tree it lay,  
Darkened and alone.

No one had thought, to see it lie  
So darkened there, and still,  
That it would startle suddenly  
At hoof-beats on the hill—

At the sound of hoof-beats coming thick  
As hailstones in June rain,  
Pittering through the trees, and then  
Muffled along the lane.

The little house winked fearfully  
A shining, furtive eye  
That closed again, and slept beneath  
The quiet curve of sky.

And there was silence as clear and soft  
As the dew on the hushed grass;  
What was the shape that wavered there  
In the lane? Did a shadow pass

Out of the door of the darkened house,  
When the moon plunged into cloud?  
The horses' hoofs beat on the stone;  
Their ringing was long and loud.

But the little stone house slept dark and still;  
Not even a fagot's glow  
Lay on the hearth, when the riders searched  
The chimney black and low—

The chimney and the empty rooms,  
With their squatting empty chairs;  
Only the phantom shadows fled  
Up the echoing, crazy stairs.

The riders cursed and rode away.  
The crab tree saw the light  
Of the low moon on their crests and spurs—  
For it had keen eyes that night.

The crab tree like an ugly dwarf  
Was sprawling in the moon,  
But Oh! its knotted arms were full  
With the sweet leaves of June!

## LITTLE WHITE CURTAINS

**L**ITTLE white curtains that stirred soft wings,  
The night he came—  
That night of stars and a blossom moon,  
Now, though the June wind sings and sings  
Just the same,  
Little white curtains, your wings are still,  
For he cannot come;  
The guns are booming beyond the hill,  
But he is dumb,  
This night of stars and a blossom moon.

## THE FROGS OF FLANDERS

"MOTHER, the bud of moon is torn  
Upon the broken tree;  
But the marsh frogs are making  
Song for me."

"The frogs are making April song  
For Flanders, son,  
In the sight of torches,  
The sound of gun.

"The marsh frogs watch the ruined sun  
With placid eye.  
Placid they watch at night  
The bitter sky.

"They make spring song for Flanders,  
Knowing, knowing,  
That under frozen valleys  
A flame is going.

"A flame, a flame is going  
Through the grasses' veins,  
Firing the reeds' tapers  
Up the dim sea lanes.

"There is no Hun can banish  
This beautiful green thing,  
And so the frogs of Flanders  
Sing—and sing."

## THE TORCH OF LIBERTY

THE lily fields of France are grey,  
And in the bitter rain  
The fettered ghosts of Belgium pray  
In sorrow and in pain.  
They pray in sorrow and in pain,  
And with them Poland cries  
For golden candle-light again,  
In blackened fields and skies.

The English coast is still and dark,  
But suddenly is borne  
Above the spires of London—hark!  
An English bugle horn.  
Above the London spires, a horn!  
Across the sea it thrills  
A Sister Nation's heart at morn  
Upon a thousand hills!

O Ye, contemptuous, who dare  
To shackle sea and land,  
While a dishonored sword ye bear,  
Behold, a mighty hand!  
From out the west a mighty hand  
To smite all tyranny;  
For one king only shall command,—  
*The King, Democracy!*

Within the east the Torch is lit,  
And challenging their fears,  
The Russian people carry it  
With singing and with tears.  
With us, they carry it in tears,—  
The precious Torch of fire,  
Bright with the heat of bitter years  
And ultimate desire.

### CHORUS

America! America!  
The star-crowned and the free,  
Thy Torch shall flame around the world,  
The Torch of Liberty!

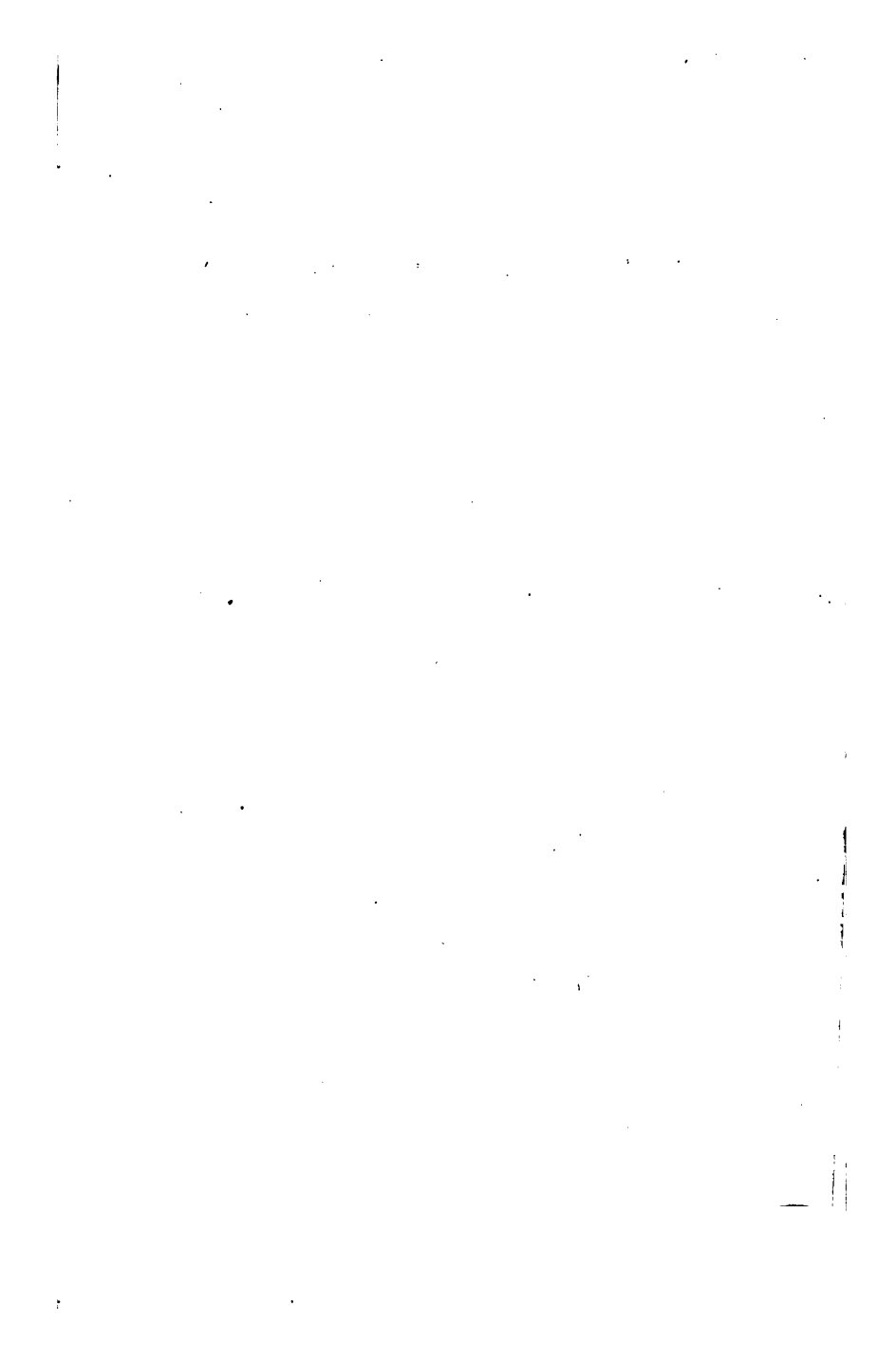
## THE WOMEN SPEAK

**T**HE stars are slipping down in golden shoals,  
The birds are crying in the early light;  
Among the hills of home the russet knolls  
Are pricking into green upon the sight.  
Our hearts are freshly green; again we hold  
The vigor of the year. Upon our brows  
The ageless dreams are stamped like stars of gold  
With which the precious, early day endows  
The sky. Oh! not in vain that we are tall  
And resolute with eyes as clear as spring;  
The secret flame that hears the April call  
Leaps in us at our country's summoning;  
And though the whirlwind ride upon the land,  
We will not falter — we will firmly stand!









**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

